

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Under the drifts of virgin snow
May a bud be hiding low
Waiting the voice of spring;
Soon will the sap begin to flow
Bearing its load of life and glow:
Soon will the blue-bird sing
—(George M. Vick)

Gentle spring! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, he calls to thy merry train
The sleek and the sleek the wind and rain,
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear

—[Translation from French, by Longfellow]

The shivering earth was not at play
With Zephyr's brawling sister,
Till late one day in sparkles gay
Jack Frost came down and kissed her.

Then how they frolicked! How they danced!
Through the meadows how their light
 glanced.
The earth with jewels strewing!
Oh, the virtuous moon shuts both her eyes
When lovers go a wooing.

—[An

O blessed snow, O sweet, white snow,

Beneath thy mantle, fine and cold,
A thousand secrets here are furled,
We hear the snow-drop ring her bells,
Although she sleeth out of sight;
The yellow crocus wakes and stirs,
And stretches upward to the light.

— (An

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the South
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of
mouth,
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!

The wall and the shriek of the bitter Northeast,
The wind whistling down the hillside
All the way from the land of the wild Equinox,
Until all our dreams of the land of the best,
Like last year's bumper's turn to the left,
 —(John G. Whittier)

A half-hundred sound like a pulse's beating.
The ceaseless cluck of the melting snows:
The new-born lamb in the barn are blowing,
And he, lowly bow, the gold-brown tassels—
It swings around as the wild winds blow it.
The winter's over. Oh now I know it!
—The summer's coming again—
 —(Marion Douglas)

Without, the snow lies drifted on the hills,
Dark, lowering storm-clouds fill the air with gloom;
Within, the hyacinth with fragrance dies
Under heavy bed of white, the flowers bloom.
Dear dove, of all the flowers I love thee best,
For, ever yet, while winter's icy breath
 —(Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Bursting the grave-cloth and th' imprisoning im-
mural that fresh, new beauty, thou art here.
The sun's dear, fragrant flower we know of old,
Telling the miracle of spring is near.
—(Helen E. Starr)

At the Ball.

"What! you here, Gaston, when only two mo-
ago you buried the wife who loved you so fond-
ly and to whom you seemed so devoted?"

"Well, and where would you wish me to be?"

"It does seem to me that if I had lost the
pantom of my life I should be somewhere
weep—"

"Over her grave?" I know, but the ceme-
tary closes at sundown!"

(From the Persian.)
 Who to good wine gives all his senses up,
 May sober be er slips the night away;
 But who is crazed by Hebe, sans her cup,
 Hath reason lost until the judgment day.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous
 [Puck.]
 "I can imagine," said the poet, dreamily, a
 toyed with a charlotte-ruse, "that Aphrodite
 originally rose from one of these at some
 feast of the immortal gods on high Olympus

I do not," replied his companion; "wherever
see one of them I feel like dipping a lather bu-
in it and having a close shave. It would make
good shampoo, because the foam—" But the
had fainted.

Deliverance.

A flower do but place near thy window-glass
And through it no image of evil can pass;
Abroad must thou go? On thy white bosom wear
A rosegay, and doubt not an angel is there;
Place a rose near thy bed, and nightly sentry to keep
And angels shall rock thee on rosy to sleep.

How a Woman Falls on the Ice.

What difference there is in the manners of a

And a woman's falling on ice. A man will sprawling all over the sidewalk, and after lying about like a crab with the shaking pals about two or three minutes, will finally get up with a wince, and a gasp, and a groan, and a cough with dirty snow in his hand full of malediction. But a woman, bless her! when she falls she comes down with a courtesy into a neat and compact bundle, and before you know it is on her feet, and sailing away with a grace and a poise, and a face, sunshine in heart, and not so much as a gesture of her downfall on her clothing.

Camping Out.
[Texas Sitings.]

We had camped out often enough to have rough edge of our desire for such dissipation off. We knew that camping out meant a sack for a pillow, for a bed "the yielding earth" always develops extraordinary solidity and solid cornered stones during the night; for a cover the "star-bespinkled dome of night," and an horse-blanket full of holes. We knew that it

your horse from the rope wound all around legs; turning out again at 2 a. m. and proving around the dark looking for wood to renew the fire and keep from freezing to death. It meant getting in your ears, creeping things up your trousers, and finally getting up at daybreak sore bruised, shivering and with a cold, getting up in your eyes, overturning the coffee-pot and tugging cussed by all the rest of party.

"The Sky is a Drinking-Cup,"
[R. H. Mordard.]

The sky is a drinking-cup
That was overturned of old.
And it pours in the eyes of men
The wine of ainy and cold.

We think that wine all day
Till the last drop is drained up
And are ighted and chilled
By the jewels in the cup.

(Detroit Free Press.)
 "Father," began a lad the other night, "Is
 T. a good man?"
 "Yes, my son. I regard him as one of the
 men in Michigan."
 "Do you believe he would lie?"

"What, young man, are you crazy?"
 "No, sir, Mr. T. would not tell a lie for all the gold in the earth. What makes you ask that question?"
 "Why, when a man says he saw a robin on the 15th day of February, what do you call it?"
 "Did he say he saw one?"

"Are you sure?"
 "Oh! I heard him tell three different me
 Didn't he lie, father?"
 "N-n-o, I think not," mused the father;
 let it be a great moral lesson to you all the s
 it is in the year 1844, that a young man
 comes up here from Tennessee at that date
 exhibits himself to a single citizen and return
 the afternoon express!"

The Soubrrette.

[A song.]

Oh! the plump and pert soubrrette,
 She's a pet,
 She can coquet and coquet,
 Then forget
 Blonde her flowing hair, and yet
 Only recently we met,
 And I say it with regret,
 It was just

Oh, perfidious soubrette
 to coquet
 With my heart: My eyes are weak
 With regret,
 It was hardly so quiete
 Your adorer to me
 For a fellow with a yellow
 Clarinet.

The Woman Who Whistles.

[illegible]

whistle their babies to sleep; when they are troubled with colic or some other infantile malady; maidens, by merely uttering the long whistle by men to indicate surprise and indignation, dismiss ardent suitors who have proposed in money. Of course whistling in public is not to be thought of, but it may be done at home with much benefit as singing or strumming on a p

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